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NO. 11.

LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress. APPLES; A New "Paradise Lost."

BY GEO. G. W. MORGAN.

I sat beside the firsides—a week ago to-night—
The wintry wind was whistling, the flames blazed high and bright—

And could not help regretting that any one should be
Unable to enjoy such bliss as then surrounded me.
I cotivated in my mind why some should be so blest,
Partaking of such luxuries that are denied the rest;
I pondered why such misery should permeate the land,
When my good wife came in, and placed an apple in my hand.

"There, dear," she cried, "'s an apple that might have
tempted Adam;
It might have been the kind that did, for, doubtless, Eden
had 'em."

I drew her near, and kissed her lips, then tasted of the
fruit,
As, doubtless, Father Adam did, when Eve urged him
to do 't.

And as I ate, such wondrous thoughts upon my memory
whirled—
The tribulations, truths, and tears apples turned upon the
world!

I saw the apple Venus gained from Ida's shepherd boy,
Which resulted in destruction to the gallant men of Troy;
Of Menelaus, of Helen, and patriarchal Priam,
With whom you are familiar, undoubtedly, as I am;
If you're not, read Homer's *Iliad*; at all events, I hope,
If you cannot read the Attic text, you'll read—as I did—
Pope.

Next came Sir Isaac Newton, with his law of gravitation
Which conferred on him such glory and on the English
nation—
Of which the chances are he'd known but little, if at all,
Had he not in his garden seen a little apple fall.

Then, thinking of the apple's fall, my mind like lightning
ran,
By a sort of inverse ratio route, back to the Fall of Man—
To "man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden
tree,"

Whose mortal taste brought death "to man, and all the woes
we see—
As told by old John Milton in such pedantic style,
That, spite of my respect for him, I can't forbear to smile,
And wonder that the world can bear such horrid stuff to
read.

Although I know but very few make that pretense, indeed;
Of these not one in millions can fully comprehend it,
And much I doubt if many even at this time do
penetrate it.

Yet still the Hebrew legend stands the firmer for his story,
And woman's degradation ranks the lower for his glory.
O Woman! Woman! thought I then, how great the debt you
owe us!

You think you are our equals, but you're very far be-
low us.
No wonder, faith, you're held by some but little 'bove the
brute,
Since even Heaven you'd renounce for a simple thing like
fruit.

I'm sorry, though, upon my word; believe me now, I
grieve it.
A stern voice whispered in my ear, "Why do you, then, be-
lieve it?"

That story's false, from tip to toe; not a line of truth is
in it.
But if you wish the truth to know, I'll tell it in a minute.
That story is unworthy you or any man of sense,
And will be held as fabulous by all a few years hence.

There was a time when Heaven was, but when the Earth
was not;
When only immaterials were, where none bemoaned his
lot;

For Sin and Sorrow were unknown, with Love all then were
fringed—
And none of Death's relentless rule e'er entertained a
thought.

Supremely blest were all; but most of all then there,
Were they whom you call Adam and Eve, a wondrous pair!
No human eye hath ever seen their equals, well I know,
And language will but poorly serve their qualities to show:
The attempt, though vain, I will essay, nor wonder if I
fail.

Nor if 'tis deemed by finite minds to be some fairy tale.
His form, though of a manly type, was lithe and full of
grace,
And beaming smiles of joyousness illumined his radiant
face;

His dark brown hair in flowing curls fell down upon his
breast;
His beard—of slightly lighter hue—was neat and trimly
dressed;

His smile was like a sunshine's gleam in dark December
days,
His voice was melody itself, and, when attuned to praise,
It made the vaulted arches ring above the heavenly throne,
And drowned a myriad voices there, so wondrous deep its
tone.

What'er he did was done with grace; with such a grace he
trode,
That all who saw him owned he looked the image of a
God.

And who can tell of beauteous Eve in fitting terms of
praise—
In everything perfection, in form, in mind, in ways?
The mild refulgent beams of light that glistened in her
eye,

Attracted, with electric spells, the beings of the sky;
Her voice so sweet, so soft, so kind, so musical, so clear,
The tuneful seraphs hushed their notes her ravishments to
hear!

Her silken tresses were so long, when thus she chose to
throw them,
Reached thickly to her finger-tips, and tapered far below
them.

The milkyblue of her pale blue eyes, and sweetness of her
smile,
Attested by her pure soul's truth, devoid of craft or guile.
She'd only known of genial skies, nor dreamed of furious
gales,

That Misery's tempest-beaten raft most frequently assail.
The beauteous traits that Virtue shows, when Fortune's
skies are fair,
Are all eclipsed by those displayed when Misery reigns
there.

The heavenly host so loved fair Eve, and flocked so round
about her,
It seemed as though blest Heaven itself was scarcely
Heaven without her.

More pure than purest feeling that earth-born children
feel
Was the love they bore each other, less gross and more
ideal.

They knew not shame, they knew not fear; a boundless
love alone
Was all they knew, and that, indeed, was all they'd ever
known.

At length, in merely playful mood, his efforts to employ,
He asked and gained from the Supreme a wondrous little
toy:

It was empowered to confer on players good or ill,
According to the player's thoughts; 'twas his alone to
will.

And thus upon its axis poised the wondrous toy was
hurled,
As myriad others since have been; 'tis called by you "the
World."

'Twas filled with many curious things that ne'er before were
seen,
And all the angels loved to gaze upon the beauteous scene.
Each bird and beast, unused to fear, roamed free and unre-
strained,

And all was joy and gladness there, and so it long re-
mained.
The earth gave forth abundant yield for each and all to
share.

The lowliest thing created had its wise Creator's care.
None dreamed of evil, and none knew the ill from doing
wrong.

And the waves of air were burdened with the sounds of joy
and song.
Although all knew the law was fixed, that good or ill would
spring,

To all who wished for good or ill, from e'en the simplest
thing,
None cared that in the floweret's cell there lurked a poisoned
juice—
Or from the honeyed cup of Joy would woo come by abuse.

But ah! at length, one sultry day, as Adam chanced to
stroll,
He spied a fruitful vine, that sprung from out a little
knoll.

As 'twere, a rustic bower, which offered by its shade
A blest retreat for all fatigued, whose footsteps thither
strayed.

The clustering grapes hung all around in purpled velvet
bloom,
And from their almost bursting skins arose a rare per-
fume.

Which lured the sense to taste and eat, to taste and eat
again.
The luscious taste hung on the lips; who is there would
refrain?

Go ask of him who found a mine of treasure on his way,
How sore he tried his utmost strength to bear his prize
away;

Go ask of him whose parching lips have found a limpid
spring,
How loth he was to leave the spot, that others he might
bring.

Well, Adam ate, and ate again, nor deemed he aught of ill,
Though Night ran her accustomed round, and left him eat-
ing still.

Had he stopped there, it had been well; but ah! I grieve
to say,
His thoughts grew selfish, and he plucked and hid the
grapes away.

He scooped a hollow in the ground, and placed the grapes
within;
Then covered them with twigs and turf, and thus unken-
neled Sin.

Who quickly leaped from out the hoard that selfishness
had built,
And when he once got free himself, he liberated Guilt,
And Anger, Hate, Deceit, Revenge, and all the fiendish
crew.

That since have been such foes to man, whose arts he's had
to rue.
Then rocked the Earth, and yawned, and reeled, and chasms
broad and deep

Their grim jaws opened, and Havoc's scythe had unrestrained
sweep;
Pale lightnings flashed, and thunders hurled their bolts
with furious roar;

The Earth grew agued with the shock of elemental war;
While birds and beasts, convulsed with fear, sought shelter
from the storm.

And danger lay on every side, that ne'er in any form
Before had known or dreamed of aught like danger to be
feared.

Shrunk timidly to nooks and caves when anything ap-
peared.
E'en Adam started with affright, and trembled at the
sound;

He dreaded lest he were engulfed by the wide yawning
ground;
He dreaded lest some crumbling rock might strike him in
its fall;

The courage he once owned was dead; he scarce could
move at all.
And yet he dared not stay nor go; vain his attempt to fly;
The mortal fruit e'en he could bear not with him in the
sky;

It acted as a ponderous weight upon his burdened soul;
He sought a refuge from himself—he hid him in a hole.
[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

RELIGIOUS TEACHING FOR THE YOUNG.—The Daily
Herald of Friday says:

"Prof. Agassiz lectured to the Philadelphians the
other evening on the subject of the education of
the young. He argued that the instruction of boys
in our schools was too much a matter of words,
books, and languages. He also told his hearers that
religious teaching was not fit for boys—that it more
properly belonged to the stronger and firmer periods
of the human mind."

There is much food for reflection in this short
paragraph. The education of the schools is indeed
too greatly confined, as Professor Agassiz says, to
"words, books, and languages," rather than to
things; and hence, when a boy leaves school, he is
under the necessity of learning a great deal that
should have been taught him within its walls.

It is likewise very true, what the Professor says,
that "religious teaching is not fit for boys," and we
are very glad to see a man of high scientific and
literary position daring to proclaim this important
but unpopular truth. Stephen Girard said the same
thing when he prohibited religious teaching in his
college; and the idea is no doubt endorsed by every
sensible man in the country who prefers the facts of
knowledge to idle speculations on religion.—*Boston
Investigator.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

RATIONAL ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Kingly honors, it is said, were spurned by the pre-
cocious wisdom of the child Moses; for, at the age
of "three years, he tramped under his feet a crown
which Pharaoh playfully placed upon his head."

According to Philo, "he led an ascetic life, in order to
pursue his high philosophic speculations." "Al-
though a priest of Heliopolis, he persisted in obey-
ing the precepts of his fathers in religious matters,"

"going outside the walls of the city in the open air
to pray, with his face turned toward the Sun-rising."
It appears that much difficulty arose between the
king and the priests, and assassins were put on the
track of Moses, but this means of destroying him
failed; he at last fled, after he had killed an Egyp-
tian and hid his body in the sand.

We find him next at a place called Midian, in Arabia, believed to
have been near Sinai. Among other adventures in
Egypt, it is stated, that, in his expedition to Ethio-
pia, the daughter of the king fell in love with him,
and he returned in triumph to Egypt with her as his
wife.

No more is heard of Tharbis, the Ethiopian
wife; but he takes Jethro's daughter to wife, and
becomes a member of the household of Jethro, the
Midianite prince and priest, and an Arabian. Forty
years is said to be the term of the residence of Mo-
ses in the employ of his father-in-law, as slave and
shepherd. There seems to have been some connec-
tion, in regard to the part Jethro and Moses played,
with the rising and freedom of the Jews in bondage.

Arabia at that time contained the shepherd tribes
that had recently been expelled from Egypt; an un-
derstanding was had with one of these tribes, known
as Kenites, a branch of the Midianites, which was
never broken; this party, led on by Jethro and
Moses, effected the escape of the children of Israel.

The history says, that it was in the capacity of shep-
herd that "Moses received his call as a prophet." It
was in the valley of Hobab that he tended Jethro's
flocks, and it was there that tradition says he wit-
nessed the wonder of the burning bush. The spot
is said to be marked by the convent of St. Catharine;
the altar standing on the precise spot where the
bush stood. There is, however, some doubts

touching this matter of exact locality, inasmuch as
the place was "back of the wilderness of Horeb, the
mountain of God." It is remarked "that the indi-
cations are too slight to enable us to fix the spot
with any certainty."

"Josephus says that Mount Horeb was the loftiest mountain in that region, and
the best for pasturage, from its good grass; and
that, owing to a belief that it was inhabited by the
Divinity, the shepherds feared to approach it."

In passing over a portion of the history of the
wanderings of the Jews in the wilderness, we come
to the setting up of the brazen serpent. It is stated
that this was done "as a Divine protection against
the snakes of the desert." "And the Lord said unto
Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a
pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that
is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."

(Num. xxi. 8.) "According to the traditions of
Memphis, the passage of the Red Sea was effected
through Moses' knowledge of the movement of the
tide; and in all the wanderings from Mount Sinai,
he is said to have had the assistance of Jethro."

This brings us to the consideration of the scene
on Mount Sinai, and the giving of the Command-
ments. There was some considerable chaffing and
drilling between the Lord and Moses, for two or
three days previous to the presentation of the Deca-
logue, which was perhaps necessary as a preparation
for so grand a birth. "And Mount Sinai was at-
tached to a smoke, because the Lord descended
upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as
the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount
quaked greatly." (Exod. xix. 18.)

"And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on
the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of
Israel." (Exod. xxiv. 17.) "These words (the Ten
Commandments) the Lord spake unto all your
assembly in the mount out of the midst of the fire,
of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great
voice.... And it came to pass, when he heard the
voice out of the midst of the darkness, (for the
mountain did burn with fire,) that ye came near
unto me, even all the heads of your tribes, and your
elders. And ye said, Behold, the Lord our God hath
shewed us his glory and his greatness, and we have
seen his voice out of the midst of the fire: we have
seen this day that God doth talk with man, and he
liveth. Now, therefore, why should we die? for
this great fire will consume us; if we hear the voice of
the Lord our God any more, then we shall die.

For who is there of all flesh that hath heard the
voice of the living God speaking out of the midst of
the fire, as we have, and lived?" (Deut. v. 22-26.)

If this is not a glowing example of pure and un-
adulterated fire-worship, ("Moloch, the Destroying
Fire,") language fails to convey intelligent mean-
ing; here is both Fire-philosophy and Fire-theology;
the worship of the Divine Fire as it prevailed in
Mexico: "It is the Persian and Hindoo Fire-wor-
ship; it is the Divine Fire of Pythagoras and the
Chaldean Oracles." "Jah, the god to whom the
blood was an offering, (Leviticus,) as it was in
Egypt and Central America, is the El-Moloch, the
Satan-Moloch of the ancients, in his character of
God of Life—Adoni, Adonis, Adonijah, Mithra, El
and Mithra-jah." "In his character of *God of Life*,
the Bull, (Apis,) the twelve oxen of the sacred sea,
the cherubs, are his symbolic; and the first-born that
openth the womb holy to him as his sacrifice."

"The Lord spake unto you in Horeb out of the
midst of the fire." (Deut. iv. 15.)

The calf that Aaron set up was nothing more or
less than an attempt on the part of the clamorous
multitude to carry forward the religious ideas incul-

cated by their residence in Egypt, of the worship of
Apis, the sacred bull; but all things of that sort had
become distasteful to Moses, who had dwelt in
Arabia forty years, and whose higher and diviner
sensibilities had been doubtless awakened by the
sweet simplicity of his calling as shepherd in those
beautiful vales of Palestine, and his proximity to the
sacred Mount Horeb, venerated and feared by the
superstitious people far and near. If we accept the
narrative of Moses as containing anything reliable
regarding his life, character, and connection with
the Israelites, we, as rational believers in the known
limited powers and capacities of our being, are com-
pelled to believe also that he was, to a greater or less
degree, mediumistic; the opening scene of which
power, so far as history informs us, was that (to
him) strange phenomena of the burning bush, sup-
posed by him to be no other than the power and
presence of the God of the Universe.

J. D. PIERSON.

THE "STELLAR KEY," BY A. J. DAVIS.

The subject of this work presents the grandest
theme ever contemplated by the human mind;
namely, God, and the home of spirit after leaving
the particular planet which was the theater of its
rudimentary existence in a physical body. The
outlines of the subject were presented in the
author's previous works, claiming to be given as
seen clairvoyantly; and, as such, the postulates
would seem to be lifted above the criticism of ordi-
nary mortals, not blessed with that superior con-
dition of mentality. But, in this work, the author has
attempted to bridge over the chasm between plain
intellect and clairvoyance, by showing that his
clairvoyant perceptions harmonize with philosophi-
cal principles, as attested by ordinary reason.

Although the subject-matter is thus brought down
to the level of us all, it is not the object of this
paper to present a review, or criticism, of the
work; but rather a summary statement of the
principles of the subject, for the benefit of such
readers as are not favored with the work itself.

In this work there is a striking evidence of pro-
gress in the method of teaching, as well as in the
things taught. This is probably the first work in
which the nature and character of Deity are illus-
trated by diagrams.

The work teaches that the Milky Way is an arc
of a vast circle, made up of stars more thickly
strewn than elsewhere; that, inside of the circle,
there is a sphere of spirit-matter, which constitutes
the second sphere, being the first home of all
spirits, after graduating from their respective
planets. Probably disputes will arise, in this
sphere, as to which planet is entitled to the honor
of being the birthplace of such as distinguish
themselves—as the cities of Greece claimed the
honor of being the birthplace of her heroes and
philosophers; thus

"Seven Grecian cities claimed the Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Inside this sphere, and separated by a stellar
space, is the third sphere; within this the fourth,
the fifth, the sixth, and within this the solid
sphere—the great Positive Mind or vortex, toward
which all spirit tends, and from which all crude
matter proceeds to form worlds. This central
sphere he terms *God*.

This system of spirit spheres can be illustrated
by a parallel section of an onion, cut each side of
the heart, the concentric rings representing the
spheres. In passing, it is a remarkable fact, that
the Egyptian priests made use of the onion as a
symbol of Infinity, or Deity; and the very name
which has come down to us, through thirty cen-
turies, to designate that useful vegetable, ON-I-ON,
was the name of one of their gods. While the
priests at first introduced its concentric rings as a
symbol of Infinity, the ignorant multitude soon
came to worship the humble vegetable itself as a
god.

These spirit spheres are formed by refined mat-
ter, which has been elaborated in human organ-
isms, on the various man-bearing planets. The
highly refined spirit-matter is continually emanat-
ing from human bodies, and vast currents are
passing from each planet to the second sphere,
from the second to the third, and on toward the
central sensorium of the Positive Mind. At first
thought, it would seem to be a slow process of
manufacturing so vast a country as the second
sphere of the Summer Land, when we consider
how many millions of years it took to work up
the matter of this planet so as to produce a single
human being; but when we consider that each
fixed star is a sun—that each sun has many
planets—that the man-bearing planetary sys-
tems are of every stage of growth, like tropical fruit
upon a tree—that many of these planets are more
matured producing dense populations of more
perfected human beings than our earth, the
youngest but two of our system—we must pause
before protesting.

The material or substance of the visible and in-
visible universe, both the spheres of the Summer
Land and the more crude globes, are identical,
interchangeable, and at heart one, although for-
ever different in the realms of cause and effect.

This seems a logical and necessary inference from
the fact that vast masses of spirit-matter are con-
stantly tending toward the center, and crude globe-
producing matter going forth, without disturbing
the equilibrium of the central sensorium.

The reader, who carefully follows the author

through this work, will regret that he has left
untouched many points of inquiry, which press
themselves upon the thoughtful mind. The
laws of the human mind compel us to consider
time and space as infinite; for, go as far as we
may on the wings of imagination, that which
limits vacant space must itself occupy space, and
where it ceases, space itself must lie beyond *ad
infinitum*. In this view, this entire Milky Way,
with its inclosed spirit-spheres, occupies but a mere
point in space; and, reasoning from the analogy
of all we see, it would seem that other systems of
Gods, worlds, and spirit-spheres must exist in
space also. While suggesting this to a lady
medium, she said, "There are millions of them."
But of this our author says nothing; perhaps
he thought the system he had given us was large
enough for all practical purposes, if not theoretical
ones.

The thoughtful person will further regret that
our author has not dwelt more at length on the
nature, character, and mental qualities of God.
There seems to be a parallel between man and
Him in this, that in both there is a mind related
to a physical body; but, beyond this, is there any
resemblance between the two? Has God social
qualities, holding relations to similar beings in
other portions of space? or does His love, wisdom,
intellect, and whatever susceptibilities He may be
possessed of, find scope and verge enough within
the periphery of the Milky Way, among His own
offspring?

All human spirits, as they graduate in a lower
sphere, press on to a higher; thus forming a vast
army, proceeding toward the center. A very con-
siderable gathering must eventually congregate
in the inner sphere, and, as it is human nature to
decline taking the back track and occupy a less
favored position than that which has been once
attained, it would appear as if it might be slightly
crowded; but, as there is a limit to the man-pro-
ducing capacity of each planet, probably the
whole system is so adjusted that no inharmonious
will occur. In this feature of our author's system,
there is a striking resemblance to the system put
forth by the Oriental philosophers of India; who
taught that all souls were proceeding toward
Deity, and approached Him just in proportion to
their attainment in goodness or moral excellence,
and that, when completeness of development was
attained, each spirit would sink into the bosom of
God and be forever at rest. Although individual-
ity was lost, yet, to mingle with Deity and be at
rest was the highest conception of desirability to
the Oriental.

The Materialist philosopher would claim that
both systems are but the mere offgrowth of ex-
cited mind, and wholly subjective; and that the
difference in the termination or destiny attributed
to the spirit was due to the native difference in
the character of Oriental and Occidental nations.
The former, inhabiting a warm climate, are indol-
ent, and consider repose as the highest happiness,
while the European, of strong will and active
temperament, must have a heaven of endless
duration and activity.

JOHN ALLYN.

PRAYER.

Why do men pray? What special benefits do
they expect to derive from the act? Go into yonder
"house of prayer" during a prayer-meeting; listen
to the voice that plays the Aaron for the whole
assembly to Almighty God. Full of the most
sickening flattery is that prayer. God is informed
how good He is; how great He is—above all
other Gods, the God; and a phrenological chart
of character is filled out for Him by the sycophant
representative of his slavish adorers. And then
the prayer takes a turn, and the Lord is presented
with a certificate of character of those finely-
dressed, kneeling, "miserable sinners," before
Him. How impressively eloquent he becomes, as
he discourses to the Lord of the vileness and mean-
ness of His worshippers! And the trickeries, by
which they have become rich, respectable Chris-
tians, are fully accounted for and explained. Then,
after showing Him that they cannot act other-
wise on account of the natural wickedness of their
hearts, He is requested to forgive them, and re-
ceive them as righteous in His sight, because an
obscure man, eighteen hundred and thirty-five
years ago, was executed as a malefactor; he pleads
that that one execution was sufficient to satisfy
all the demands of justice. So on they go, sinning
and interposing the crucified Jesus between them
and their just deserts!

Such performances are insults to common sense,
derogatory to manhood, and as pernicious as they
are insulting. I would like to have the statistics
of prayers and their answers, particularly those
made at the "daily prayer-meeting" at Calvary
Church, in this city. Of the millions of prayers
offered on a Sunday, how many are answered?
Christendom, for more than a thousand years, has
been praying for the conversion of the world to a
belief in the Christian faith. Yet generation af-
ter generation passes away unconverted. The
believers in Christianity number no more than they
did five hundred years ago. And, every day,
new divisions and subdivisions diminish their
strength, and add to the number of infidels.
Truly, the Christian God is either deaf or imbe-
cile! But prayer is not confined to the Christian

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A NEW RELIGION.

"Spiritualism, whether false or true, humbug or reality, is in fact a new religion, and is making greater progress than did the religion of our fathers eighteen hundred years ago. How far it will progress, and how much its rival, Christianity, will retrograde, is of course more than we can pretend to say. But we can all see that the work of progression of change is rapidly going on. The avidity with which people rush after new religious ideas, the rapid spread of the new religious dogmas, the increasing disregard and contempt for all sacred subjects and objects, are facts which go to establish the theory that, in a religious point of view, the world is being 'born again'; that it is seeking a new religion."

We clip the above from the *Morning Call* of recent date. The editor attempts to theologize, and in doing so shows himself most grossly at fault in his statements and assumptions. Spiritualism is not a new nor an old religion. It is no religion at all. As an error it is as old as the world. There is nothing new about it except to the uninformed and credulous. It is as old as sorcery, and witchcraft, and Pythianism in the days of the Apostles, and has laid a rival that threatens to overthrow it, as is moonshine and nonsense. Christianity met Spiritualism in the days of the Apostles, and has laid it a thousand times, as it will again. Christianity has borne the palm from every battle-field for eighteen hundred years, and is more vigorous and practically effective to-day than ever before—more than holding ground gained, it is pushing conquests into the domain of Paganism and heathenism, and overturning the foundations of Paganism, Polytheism, Ancestralism, *idol* Spiritism, and all else that lies in the path of true progress, which belongs alone to Christianity. New religion! Anything new in religion is false. Men may acquire new views of truth, but they are not new; they are old, and have been so since the world began. They may be led into new fields of truth; if they will, they may be guided into all truth; but this comes not of following cunningly devised fables, as Necromancy, Pythianism, Spiritualism, or any other nonsense, but by following him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and who, when he comes into a soul, says, "Behold, I make all things new."—*California Christian Advocate*.

It seems, then, that the declaration of Jesus himself, with which the above tirade is rounded off, means nothing, and is to go for naught; since the editor of the *Advocate* asserts that "anything new in religion is false." Of what use is the "New Testament," when we have the Old, if there can be nothing new in religion? But, setting aside this objection as unworthy of consideration, we acknowledge that Spiritualism, whether dignified by its opponents with the name of religion or not, is of exceedingly great antiquity. Its record is as clear, in all portions of both Old and New Testaments, as that of any events in the world's history. We want no better written authority than the Bible itself furnishes for the truth of our philosophy. And in augmentation of the proofs, we can at all times quote the writers of so-called profane history, in support of all that is claimed for modern Spiritualism. We care not by what names the pseudo-Christians seek to render it obnoxious; we have the ancient authorities, and the modern well-attested facts, for the foundation of our philosophy. Spiritualism is literally *Necromancy*, as charged in the above indictment; for the word means neither more nor less than "the science of communicating with the (so-called) dead." It is also Pythianism, or the gift of prophecy, which the Pythoneses of old possessed, as also did the apostles and prophets of the Old and New Testaments. It is also *Sorcery and Witchcraft*, like that of the woman of Endor, when she brought the spirit of the prophet Samuel to hold an interview with Saul. Its manifestations are like those which took place in the presence of Moses at the burning bush, and on Mount Sinai; and like that on the "mount of transfiguration," in the presence of Peter, James, and John. Similar, also, to hundreds of cases of spirit visitation recorded in the Bible, and even exceeding many of the latter in wonderful power. It is also *Demonology*, like that recorded of Socrates; who had a "familiar spirit" that guided and advised with him in all the most important matters of life, and sustained him at the moment of death. Familiar spirits of departed friends and members of the family were called *dæmons* by the Greeks; and the same reverence for departed ancestry and other risen spirits subsists to-day among the Chinese, as was anciently exhibited among the former. "Ancestral worship" is a great deal more justifiable, even on religious grounds, than the man-worship at present so rife in all civilized communities. The dignitaries of the Church are addressed as "His Grace," "His Worship," "The Right Reverend" Bishop So-and-So, in these days, without a thought of the absurdity of such flattery of the living recipients. Surely, when old religious forms have degenerated into such sickening adulation of our living contemporaries, there is need enough of a "new religion," which shall dispense with all forms, and encourage only a worship of truth, in the spirit of truth. If there is *anything* new in Spiritualism, it is this one characteristic, namely, its contempt for mere forms of religion, and its love and reverence for essential truth itself. In this view, it may well be called "a new religion"; for it is a long, long time since the living element of truth was deemed the only worthy and needful thing in matters of religion. The tenets of the various opposing sects cannot all be true; because some affirm what others deny, and *vice versa*. There must of course be some truth in all; for otherwise an ocean of salt would not save them from their own innate corruptions. These last have received and will receive the condemnation of all just men. The "New Dispensation" of Spiritualism will avoid the errors of the old and effete religions of the past, and thus prove its right to universal human acceptance.

A NEW PAPER is to appear shortly at Appleton, Wis., entitled *The Spiritualist*, and to be issued monthly. Joseph Baker is to be the publisher.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SPIRITUALISM.

We had occasion, about nine years ago, to review a sermon of Rev. Father Hecker, of the Roman Catholic order of Paulists, in New York city, upon the subject of communion with the spirit world, which the Catholic Church calls the "communion of saints." We now find, in the New York *Herald*, a report of a sermon by the same Reverend personage, upon the subject of Spiritualism, in which similar ground is taken with that which the Protestant sects are being compelled to occupy, namely, that the facts demonstrate the communion with spirits, but that the latter are evil, and the communications likewise. There is this difference, however, between the Catholic and Protestant view: the Roman Catholic Church claims the prerogative of deciding, by her priests, *what* spirits are saints, and *when* and *to whom* they have communicated; while the Protestants deny that the spirits of our departed friends communicate at all, and affirm that the communications are from an order of wicked spirits, or demons, created for the especial purpose of tempting and demoralizing mankind, and that a being called Satan is their head or chief. The absurdity of this latter opinion prevents us from noticing it further than we have already done in this paper. The remarks of the Reverend Catholic Father, however, in support of the doctrine of the communion of spirits, are so pertinent and applicable, that we cannot refrain from quoting a portion of them, as we find them reported in the *Herald*:

"After a few introductory remarks, Father Hecker began the discussion of the subject, by stating that the great and important question to be considered is, 'Can the angels in heaven assist us in the way of salvation, or is the Catholic teaching on this point mere superstition?' There is one way always in which to decide the truth of any theory, and that is, when we find the whole human race testifying to its verity; we may then consider the universal voice of humanity as the voice of Divinity. Have we, then, this concurrent testimony as to the invocation of spirits? We see that in Pagan times the whole world, except the Jews, had believed in spirits. They had their gods or inferior spirits, to whom they made supplication, and from whom they asked benefits. This ancient idolatry was only the truth of spiritual intercourse exaggerated. The Pagan oracles were put in a tranced state, like the spirit mediums of to-day. The heathen had their diviners and their soothsayers, and the revelations of these were considered as having been transmitted from another world. We have, then, Pagan testimony on this point. But we have also sacred history testifying that angels hold communion with men. In Genesis we find it recorded that angels announced to Abraham that his wife Sarah should have a son, Isaac, and that from his seed should spring the Messiah. Jacob wrestled with an angel, and did not suffer him to depart until he obtained his blessing; Balaam saw one when his eyes were opened, after belaboring the ass on which he was riding. The archangel Gabriel announced to the blessed Virgin Mary that she should conceive and bear a son, whose name should be Jesus; St. Peter was delivered from prison by means of an angel, and many other instances of the communion of saints with men on earth are recorded in the sacred writings. No one who reads can doubt that there has ever been an intercourse between the human race and the spirits of the other world. This is the most deep, the most mysterious instinct of the human soul. And there is nothing connected with this that shocks us. Shakespeare, the great poet of the heart, introduces the ghost in 'Hamlet' in order to corroborate, as it were, the theory that the spirits of the departed are our familiars still. Socrates believed that he saw and conversed with his familiar spirit. So strong is the belief on these points, that the great Dr. Johnson avowed that he would not maintain that the spirits were seen no more, against the concurrent testimony of the world. According to his diary, he even offered prayers conditionally for his departed wife, and asked her help in solving him through the medium of the spirits. The lecturer then quoted from the historians, Niebuhr, Mrs. Jamieson, and Dr. Jenner, in support of this idea. The latter avowed that the living and the dead make one communion." Father Hecker contended also that Protestants themselves held the same doctrine unwittingly. In support of this assertion he quoted from a hymn used in the Presbyterian Church:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Peace be the pillow of my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed."

When he (the lecturer) was a Protestant boy, he was taught to say:

"Four corners to my bed,
Four angels o'er my head;
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on."

"Thus we have concurrent testimony that the belief in communication with spirits is instinctive in the human heart. What has Protestantism gained by throwing aside the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints, and representing these natural instincts? It has gained Spiritualism. With the truth underlying Spiritualism there was no issue so far as the Catholic Church was concerned. It had clearly and singularly a household affair in the Church. The question to be settled is: What is the character of the manifestations? There is a light side and a dark side, an angelic side and a demoniac side. On which side is Spiritualism? What is its influence on those who believe in it? Tertullian tells us that the magicians of old tipped tables and made children utter prophecy. The Church has an order of exorcists to combat demoniac influence, and provides for the use of the exorcistic ritual whenever the signs establishing demoniac possession are clearly proved. It is singular to say, those signs are the identical ones now used by Spiritualists to prove their doctrine, viz: speaking in tongues with which the spirits of the dead in the natural state, conversant; disclosing a knowledge of things hidden; showing strength above that appertaining to the years and constitution of the medium."

The best answer we can make to the assertion of both Catholics and Protestants, as to "demoniac possession," is by adding the fact that the whole Christian world, including all its ministers and priests, is unable to "exorcise" the so-called "demons" from our mediums, or to retard for a moment the spread of Spiritualism. Either the Christian view of modern Spiritualism is false, and it is true that the spirits of our departed friends commune with us, or the modern disciples of Jesus of Nazareth are impostors, and have not the power which he said his true followers should have, of "casting out devils" in his name. Our opponents, both Catholic and Protestant, can take either horn of the dilemma.

DR. P. W. POULSON has been sent to the Private Lunatic Asylum at Alameda, by his friends, being afflicted with a slight derangement of mind, caused partly by the excitement of a domestic difficulty with a relative, and partly by hard study. His malady may also be attributed in part to the constant habit of smoking, to which he was addicted. An attempt has been made, on the part of the brutal reporter of the *Alta*, to connect the Doctor's misfortune with his belief in Spiritualism, and the fellow manufactures out of whole cloth stories of the Doctor's abuse of his family, and violent disposition, all of which are as false as the heart that conceived them. We know well all the circumstances, and denounce these fabrications as the work of a depraved and ignoble mind, which seems to delight continually in the miseries of others, and in aggravating them as much as possible.

The Approaching Anniversary.

It is expected that the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity will make the occasion, on the evening of the 31st of March, a season of rejoicing, and an opportunity for renewing the friendships among us which have grown cold. The Progressive Lyceum, particularly, should receive that attention which its importance merits. We hope to see a goodly attendance upon its exercises on that evening, and many evidences of an interest in its welfare. The friends of the movement are desired to send donations of books, fruits and flowers, cakes and confectionery, to Dashaway Hall on the afternoon of that day, for the use and pleasure of the children of the Lyceum. Let all Spiritualists show their appreciation of the efforts of a few devoted souls, who are endeavoring to build up an institution for the young which shall be free from the superstitious errors of theology, by their contributions and attendance on this occasion.

The exercises of the Lyceum will take place at 6 o'clock; the public séance of Mrs. Foye at 8; and the social reunion and dance at 9½. Excellent music has been secured, and no pains will be spared to make the enjoyment of all complete.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.—A work of one hundred and thirty-four pages has been printed and published here, for an anonymous author, entitled a "Restoration of the Earth's History. The Past, Present, and Coming State of our Globe; the Revolutions through which it passes from its Birth to its Death or Dissolution, shown from Nature, Reason, and the Writings of Antiquity, both Sacred and Profane." This book is destined to make a stir among theologians and scientists, although its effect will not be immediately perceived. The author is evidently a scholar of no mean grade; and his interpretations and theories respecting the ancient prophecies concerning our earth are certainly plausible, to say the least. Among other bold propositions is one which runs full tilt against the Copernican system of astronomy; and, surely, if his own theories are correct, that system is a stupendous humbug. After we have perused the entire work, we shall give it a more extended review in these columns.

The druggists of Stockton want to close on Sunday, and to that end are endeavoring to arrange among themselves to keep but one store open that day, and each to be alternately closed.—*Exchange*.

The above confirms to the letter what we said last week of the selfishness of tradesmen who wish for a Sunday law. Neither of those druggists will close his place of business on Sunday, until positively certain that all the others will do likewise. Each fears the other will keep open and secure all the custom. They all want a holiday, not from any reverence for Sunday, but for rest; yet none of them dare "close up," while one is resolved to "keep open."

THE LIBERAL LYCEUM of San José held a meeting at Temperance Hall, on Sunday evening, March 15th. The subject for discussion was as follows:

"Resolved, That man has a spiritual organism, which can exist independent of the outward body, and survive its dissolution."

The appointed leaders in the debate were, A. C. Stowe for the affirmative, and Dr. E. A. Clark for the negative. We have not yet received a report of the discussion.

DR. HARTY is so much "exercised" about his old enemy, the Devil, that he can't give his attention to the legion of devils (*i. e.* spirits) which he failed to "exorcise" at Stockton. His "cuss" with the latter taught him a lesson he will not soon forget. Even the old Devil himself has no such terrors for Knapp as the spirits exhibited to him at the city of lunatics. Flying spittoons and peripatetic loins of beef were too exciting to the Elder's nerves.

MRS. FOYE'S Tuesday evening séances at Dashaway Hall continue to be as attractive to the public as ever. We observe new faces there on every occasion; but many repeat their visits time after time, so great and absorbing is the interest excited by these manifestations of spirit communion. We think a great many strangers will attend her séance on the evening of the 31st of March, the anniversary of the first little "rappings" at Rochester.

The income of Beecher's church for pew-rents alone last year was \$48,736.

"To the poor the gospel is preached." But who pay the pew-rents? The gospel costs *somebody* something, as is evident from the above figures.

THE Spiritualists in England are getting up a testimonial to Mr. Thomas Shorter, a great Spiritualistic writer, who has recently become blind. It consists of a liberal donation in money; the gentleman having spent large sums in the publication of his works on Spiritualism, and having received no adequate return.

SPIRITUALISM IN MICHIGAN.—At the recent semi-annual Convention of the Michigan State Spiritual Association, in January last, forty-two local organizations were reported as existing in that State, including five Progressive Lyceums and four County Circles. The latter are a new style of societies, peculiar to that State.

THE *Alta* has a "headless rooster" on exhibition at Woodward's Garden, and it walks about and eats just as well as if it had a head. He is no greater wonder, however, than is Fitz Smythe himself; for Fitz has walked about and eaten just as well these many years, without brains, as if he had them.

WOMEN ON SCHOOL COMMITTEES.—The Massachusetts Board of Education recommend, in their annual report, that the Legislature pass a law distinctly authorizing any town in the Commonwealth to put on the School Committee a certain proportion of women.

"ARABULA," and the "Stellar Key," by A. J. Davis, are at present sold at this market. A further supply of these books will be received in a couple of weeks, when we shall be able to fill all orders.

THE people of Soquel, Santa Cruz county, have raised a sum of money and bought a Congregational minister.

or the Jew. Spiritualists pray; pray even to an impersonal principle, which they are pleased to dignify by the name *God*. Expressed thoughts, or ideas embodied in thought, can avail only with personal entities. A principle can only be reached by a principle; thoughts, as such, uttered or unexpressed, can only affect thinking, sentient beings—if I understand the meaning of those terms. When prayer is offered to a personal being, whether man, spirit, or God, the act is rational, seeing that something is addressed, which, the petitioner believes, can hear and answer the prayer.

Prayer has a reflex influence on the mind, by which it retains a spiritual receptivity favorable to communion with the departed. If this state of mind is really necessary to our well-being, can no better plan be adopted than cajoling, flattery, and lecturing spirits, angels, and God—a plan which admits common sense as an essential part thereof? Silent contemplation of the sublime and beautiful; harmonized conversation; music; oratory; or anything which concentrates our ideal and spiritual faculties, might be substituted for prayer—an exercise which had its origin when men were slaves, and their every act was imbued with the spirit of their slavish condition. If we have wants which the spirit world only can supply, let us work for them—demand them if we have a right to them—but never bend the knee, or humiliate our manhood, even before the face of Heaven.

ÆSOP, JR.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"I grant, I am a woman; but no more
A woman for being Lord Brutus' wife;
I grant, I am a woman; but withal
More than Cato's daughter;
If I am stronger than my sex,
'Tis by virtue of my womanhood,
In spite of Brutus or of Cato."
—*Shakespeare, improved.*

I do not wonder that Mr. Æsop approaches this subject with fear and trembling, for he has touched upon the great problem of the age—and this underlies the whole social and political structure. But he has looked at it, as usual, through the masculine lens, and though we thankfully receive his liberal opinions, so far ahead of the Brutuses and Catos of these times, yet, I cannot agree with him in all his opinions. He has fallen into the errors all male writers do on this subject, and contradicts his higher inspiration by asserting that "Nature has made man the controller of human affairs, including woman's." If great Nature has made this decree, women had better submit with the best grace possible, and wait until man has civilized himself up to that point where he can be just at least to that portion of creation who have had the misfortune to be forced under such leadership.

But I do not believe Nature made any such decree; we see no proofs of this in all her wide domain. In the lower orders, the two principles, male and female, are equal; neither lead or govern, but both act in concert for one end. If man has taken the lead so far in the world's advancement, it is by virtue of brute force, selfish ambition, and lust of power. This being the governing principle, need we wonder at the spectacle nations present—rent by civil strife, brother arrayed against brother, race against race? To the remarks regarding the injustice done women, in not sufficiently remunerating her for her labor, and debarring her from occupations more suited to her sex and condition. I cheerfully respond, and thank him, too; for the more there is said on this subject the better, and it may awaken earnest thought.

You say, "Man has been Woman's destroyer, and must be her redeemer." Here you are wrong; you argue impossibilities. A redeemer must be higher and holier than the object redeemed, which is surely not the case in this instance. What is to be done, then, Mr. Æsop? Let me venture to make a suggestion: Woman must *redeem herself*; she has too long walked in borrowed light, and, alas! that light has been darkness, from whose depths we are slowly struggling upward. Do not place anything in our way, if you please. Man is our stumbling-block; we run against the obstacles which he, in his overweening vanity and ignorance, has been placing in the path of progress for ages. Help us to clear them away, but do not send man to us in the capacity of a redeemer; he will only serve to obscure the earnestness of this great work, and turn it into low comedy.

Woman must redeem herself from the trammels that a masculine age has thrown about her; an age that recognizes no feminine attributes, except in subordination to the masculine—that worships a masculine God—that disputes every intrusion of woman into the political arena—that even ventures within the sacred pale of maternity, enacting laws to regulate the mother's right to her own offspring! And more: woman must *redeem herself from man*; she must live for something higher than to cater to his pride and pleasure; she must own herself—seek to develop her own individuality, and lay the foundation of an immortal soul, whose *true growth* can only be from her own interior being. Then we shall witness the unfolding of events that will revolutionize humanity, and place both man and woman on the higher grade of a brighter and more beautiful existence.

PAULINE.

To Æsop, Jr.

WOODSIDE, SAN MATEO CO., March 4, 1868.
DEAR SIR.—I read your article in the BANNER, but I do not know that there is much comment to be made on it. I am rather inclined to think, with Mr. Todd, that real Atheists are of very rare occurrence, even according to Webster's definition. You instanced G. J. Holyoake as being one; but I do not think he is. As far as I have read his writings, and more especially according to his discussion with Rev. Brewin Grant, I am inclined to set him down as a Deist. But, as I have not access to any of his writings, I cannot discuss that point, or refer you to any passages. True, he suffered in prison for his reputed Atheism; but I do not think the sentence turned on his being an unbeliever in a God. As far as I have met with humanity, they have all had a belief in a Supreme Power. Of course, the idea depended principally on the development of the individuality; probably the general idea has mostly been as of a man a little greater than the individual himself; but I think that even so-called Atheists have recognized a Principle which rules all things. Probably the most en-

lightened ideas are to the effect that there is a Spirit pervading all things, and that that Spirit is God. The most enlightened communications from the spirit world are almost unanimous in saying that the innermost principle of man is part of the Divine. Swedenborg's idea of the Infinite goes to show that the Divine Man, as he calls him, is made up from the mass of humanity from all worlds. Thomas Paine says, in the "Philosophy of Creation," through the hand of H. G. Wood, that "each man has had his own God—a God of his own creation and imagination." "God is not a person, but a principle—the all-animating principle of all things. Deity is generally regarded as the author of all matter, but, instead of that, He is a principle of matter." "No one, who for a moment surveys the wide domains of Nature, beholds the myriads of worlds sweeping in space above, about, and around him, with the utmost precision and regularity—who beholds in the animal, vegetable, and planetary systems, the perfect adaptation of all things to each other—who contemplates the perfect laws by which all things are governed and controlled—can for a moment doubt that there is existing, somewhere in the realms of space, an intelligence that has assisted and guided in the production, construction, and control of the infinitude of created things. Let him, who has for a moment doubted the existence of God, contemplate himself—ask himself whence he came, how he was created, whence his superior intelligence; and he will turn from his reflections firm and unwavering in his faith in the existence of a central intelligence." "Can matter create intelligence? Impossible!"

I do not know that I can add anything of my own that will be any more convincing. As long as we are shut up in this body, there will always be subjects that will be difficult of comprehension; for, as we are material, our thoughts are apt to run in material directions; but possibly, when we pass into the spiritual, things may wear a different aspect. When we think about God, eternity, space, etc., the mind is apt to get bewildered; but may it not be, as they who have passed into spirit, life say, that new faculties are being developed in mankind, by which we can more clearly see things of a spiritual nature? I, for one, think such is a reasonable view of matters. Indeed, I cannot see how one who believes in progression and development can arrive at any other conclusion.

I cannot discuss the views of Atheists, as I have never met with them or their writings; the nearest approach to such being where "Nature" was used in place of "God"—almost a distinction without a difference. I have also met with parties who hoped there might be a future life, but did not know, were anxious to believe, etc.; but, thanks to modern Spiritualism, such are now very rare. A few are willfully blind; but, to their credit, the mass of skeptics were honestly seeking truth, and to such Spiritualism ushered in a brighter day.

Paley's "Natural History" was written for the times in which he lived; the necessity for works of that nature has passed away; and, although it may still be regarded as a standard work, few intelligent minds care for the study of such works. Humanity can now view things from a higher standpoint than Paley was capable of doing; and in place of going to Paley's "natural" or any other "theology," they prefer going to Nature herself.

Trusting that these few thoughts may meet a response in the spirit in which they were written, I am, dear Sir, yours in the bonds of truth,

JAMES DODD.

A Enlightened Theologian.

FEBRUARY the 29 A 1868

Mr Todd dear sir having relying information that the spiritest of Ohio in convention have renounced both christ and the scriptures these steps I can have no sympathy for I have long ben an honest believer in the universal redemption of man the scriptures I hold to be the best rule of action ever given to man when ritally enturped for the reason above you will do me the favour to stop my paper

OLNEY FRY SEN.

We are not surprised that our late subscriber should "stop his paper," after reading the above specimen of his theological and literary accomplishments.

PROGRESS OF THE BLACK MAN IN CALIFORNIA.—In looking over the papers, we find that the "boys in black" have here in this city—
Two Newspapers, edited by colored men;
Two Masonic Lodges;
Three Churches—well attended;
One Public School;
Several Private Schools;
Two Union Beneficial Societies;
One Accumulating and Beneficial Society;
Several Sewing Circles, Singing Schools, etc.;
One Brass Band;
The Brannan Guard—a military company.
A large amount of real estate is owned by them; so much that they cannot be refused the poor, though of a school from the taxes paid by them, though they can be driven from place to place, in order to prevent disturbing the serenity of the gentlemen of Northern districts. The insurance companies—life and fire—have large risks for them, equal to those of the whites. From what they have accomplished, in so short a time, in spite of all the impediments thrown in their way, we should have thought that they might have sprung from something at least as high up in the scale of humanity as Poker-hunters or the Plute Diggers.—*Our Mutual Friend*.

VOLTAIRE has always been supposed an Atheist and opposed to Christianity. To the religion he saw and knew in France undoubtedly he was opposed, and so was every intelligent and virtuous man. But time teaches tolerance, and even compels it; and a number of literary men and philosophers are about to give him a marble statue in Paris, and His Most Christian Majesty—the eldest son of the Church—Napoleon III., himself a philosophic author, will patronize the undertaking. This is doing much for the memory of that "arrogant" skeptic. But a more curious sign of the times was lately in England, where *Fraser's Magazine* the high Tory periodical, contained a very well written article on Voltaire's character and philosophy. Instead of running both down in the customary old way, it presented a very civil, if not conclusive, justification of the arch-heretic and his way of thinking.—*The Revolution*.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.—Miss Catharine Gibbons, a young lady of the highest respectability, committed suicide at her mother's residence in New York on Thursday, the 23d ult. For the past few months she had given close application to religious subjects, on which topic she was exceedingly enthusiastic, with a tendency to insanity. Watching the opportunity when her guardians were asleep, she crept from her room and proceeded to the stairway, adjusting a cloth about her neck, one end of which she fastened to the banisters. She then threw herself from the stairway.—*Chicago Liberal*.

The Banner of Progress.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1868.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

"Angels where'er we go attend
Our steps, whatever be our
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside."
—CHARLES WESLEY.

NOTICE.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM of San Francisco will assemble to-day, March 22d, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at DASHAWAY HALL, Post street, above Kearny. Friends of the Lyceum are cordially invited to be present.

THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Last night, when the robin had folded her wing,
I heard the trees whisper a wonderful thing;
I heard the leaves talk, as they swung to and fro,
And the flowers sang, as they danced so softly and low.

"Queen Rose," said the Lily, "O, say, did you hear
That the mid-summer dance of the fairies is near?
I am filling my chalice with moonlight and dew,
For I know that the fairies will drink it to you."

"I hear," said the Rose; "all the mid-summer day
I have gathered sweet odors, and hid them away.
I know they will say, when I breathe on the air,
O, Rose, you are sweet, as the Lily is fair."

"I hear," said the Jasmine; "my stars are a light;
Like jewels they gleam on the dark of the night.
The queen of the fairies might choose them to wear,
A wreath and a crown for her beautiful hair."

"We hear," said the crickets, down under the grass;
"For this is the way the fairies must pass.
But they never will come till the moonlight has made
A pathway of silver across the dark glade."

"O, hush!" said the violet, shrinking from sight,
"I feel the low patter of feet treading light—
The rustle of wings, coming softly, I hear,
The mid-summer fairies must surely be near."

Then up from the garden there came through the air
The breath of the roses and lilies so fair;
The tinkling of bells in a magical chime,
And the song of the crickets, a wonderful rhyme.

I heard the leaves talk, as they swung to and fro,
And the flowers sang, as they danced so softly and low,
And all through my dreaming I caught faintly along
The murmur of voices, the echo of song.

The wind from the mountains came stealing to say,
The hills were a-dash with the coming of day.
With a rustle of wings, and a patter of feet,
The fairies were gone from my garden of sweets.

Bed Time.

Rosebud lay in her cradle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her head;
And fixed her innocent eyes on the ceiling,
While a thoughtful shadow came over her glee.
Mamma, she said, "I am going to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And he comes and carries it far away,
To the beautiful home where the angels stay.
I gather red roses, and lilies so white,
I sing with the angels through all the night;
He gives back the soul that I gave Him to keep,
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

THE BLACK TULIP.

A FAIRY STORY.

At the foot of the bleak Hart Mountains, once upon a time, there dwelt a poor miner.

All day long he worked in the dark, gloomy mountains, toiling hard for his scanty black bread; and at night he came home, weary and sore, to smoke his pipe and then lie down on his bed of straw, till the gray morning light summoned him once again to his labor in the mines.

It was a hard life, and Karl murmured at his lot, and sometimes he longed for the time when the good angels shielded him from home, to the bright land where they dwell beyond the stars; but then he remembered his little daughter, and he thought: "What could she do without him, and then he turned and gazed cheerfully on those grim black mountains.

Little Kaisa hated the gloomy mines as much as her father did; and she feared them too, for she had heard terrible stories of the imps and spirits who lived in them. All day long, while Karl was away, she crept about the house, sweeping and dusting, and cooking, with that great fear ever about her that something might anger the mountain spirits against her father, and then she would never see him more. For she knew, if they were to take him prisoner, no power could release him, and then she would have long gone home to the angels. Perhaps it was this dreadful fear that made her face so white and her head droop so heavily, that the neighbors round called her the Mountain Snowdrop. Perhaps it was leading to a sad end.

When Karl came home at night, and sat by the fire smoking his pipe, the child would creep quietly to his side, and, clasping her hands on his knees, gaze up in his face so earnestly, that he would say, "What ails thee, Kaisa? Hast thou seen a spirit, child, that thou art so white and trembling?" And then the girl would lay her fair-haired head on his arm, and answer, "No, father; I was only wondering when the good angels would call him home, and Karl would stroke her soft, fair curls with his hand, and sigh, and fondle her, and think in his heart that he could ill spare her, even to give her back to the land beyond the stars.

One day little Kaisa had set the room in order, brought out Karl's sheep and laid the supper, and made the fire blaze cheerily, and then she went to sit by the door, and watch for her father's coming.

The sun was setting in purple, gold, and crimson, staining the great black mountains with floods of cloud light, and Kaisa watched it with wondering eyes. She was so busy looking at the picture in the crimson sky that she thought not of the time, and it was only when a dark gray mist came stealing over the mountains, and the colors faded from the sky, that she remembered it was long past supper-time, and her father had not come. Then a terrible fear came on Kaisa's heart.

Three days had passed away, and there were no tidings of Karl. The night winds shook their heads and whispered, and Kaisa's heart sank lower and lower, and her hope faded and faded till the third evening came. Then she wrapped her little gray cloak around her, and with her fair hair fluttering about in the night wind, she went toward the great black mountains.

It was growing darker and darker, and the wind blew keenly down the mountains, but still the little figure wended its way bravely up toward the peak. On—on, up the steep, dark road, past all the gloomy trees, till nothing was in sight but the black masses of stone and rock, rising like giants, one above another, and overhead the bright shining stars.

Then Kaisa stopped and looked around. The moon was rising slowly in the east; it would be more than two hours before she should find and bright over the mountains; so she drew her gray cloak around her, and sat down on the rock to wait—alone in the dark solitary mountains, in the middle of the night. No wonder that her heart beat quickly, and that she hid her face in her knees.

But though Kaisa saw them not, the good angels were watching near.

The hours passed very slowly; presently a tiny

shadow came moving in the bright moonlight. Kaisa looked up.

Yes, the moon was floating overhead, and the spirits were abroad; one was moving close around her.

"Who calls?" said the imp, stopping his song, and perching beside her on the rock. "Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

Then Kaisa looked up, and saw a tiny being dressed in a gray suit, with a red cap on the top of his head, and she trembled all over, for she knew it was a fairy of Hart's Mountains, and she said, "I am little Kaisa, Karl's daughter, and I want my father."

Then the fairy laughed a little, shrill, wicked laugh.

"Your father! You want your father? But we want him, and so you can't have him," he said, pulling one of the child's long, fair curls so hard that she cried out.

"O, give me back my father!" she pleaded. "Take everything—everything, but give me back my father. What has he done, what have I done, that you should be so cruel to us? I have no one in the world but him, and I am so wretched all alone in the house; and what can he do without his Kaisa?"

"Nonsense!" said the little man in gray; "we've got him, and we shall keep him, so there's an end of the matter."

And he threw a summersault, and leaped away; and then Kaisa buried her face in her cloak, and cried bitterly.

Presently she felt something twitch her hair, and when she looked round she saw he had come back again.

"You are a nice little girl," he said; "and I don't like to see you blue eyes red with weeping."

"I don't know," said the little man in gray; "I can't tell you. I can't tell you what he has done, I will tell you a secret which may help you. You must know that all the prisoners the Elf King takes he makes work in the mines for ever and ever, till a hundred years are past. The King is very rich, his throne is of gold, and his chairs, tables, clothes, and everything about him of pure gold; but he still craves for more, and so he makes the slaves work and work; and when there are too few, he captures human beings, and binds them in chains, and makes them work, too, for a hundred years. But there is one thing the Elf King loves even more than gold, and if you can find that, you will be able to release your father."

"And what is that?" asked the child, eagerly.

"I will find it, if it is to be found on the face of the earth."

"Yes, it is, but very far off," said the elf, shaking his tiny head—"very far off, where the South Wind dwells among the falling stars."

"And what is it?" asked little Kaisa, wonderingly.

"A black tulip," said the elf, turning around summersault, and disappearing, with a little shrill laugh, over the crags.

"A black tulip!" muttered Kaisa. And where does the South Wind dwell with the falling stars? Little Kaisa waited a long time, hoping that the mountain spirit would come back and tell her; but the moon sank lower and lower, and the stars faded, and he came not; and the east grew red with daylight, and still he came not. So, slowly and sadly, little Kaisa began to descend the mountain to go home.

She lay down for a little sleep on her bed when she got home, before she set out on her search for the black tulip; and as she slept, she dreamed that a beautiful star came and settled on her forehead, and that it was so lovely that all the world wondered at it, and did all she asked because it belonged to her; and when she woke the sun was shining brightly, and so she got up, and, wrapping her little gray cloak about her, she went out to wander on the face of the earth in search of the Black Tulip.

She walked a long, long way, till she came to a wood, and it was so dark that she was almost afraid to enter it. But when she did, she saw a stream of soft, white light fall before her, and whichever way she turned the light turned too; then she remembered her dream, and she felt sure a star was on her forehead. And so she passed through the wood. Then she came to a pond, and as she was very tired, she sat beside it, and listened to the croaking of the frogs near her, and one frog said to another:

"Croak, croak, croak!
Where the sweet South Wind is blowing,
There is one Black Tulip growing!
Croak, croak, croak!"

And then another frog said:

"The strong North Wind knoweth the way,
For he went where the Black Tulip lay!
Croak, croak, croak!"

And then all the frogs chimed in with their croak, croak, till the noise was terrible.

"The North Wind!" thought Kaisa. "If I could only meet the North Wind, perhaps he would tell me."

Then she arose, and walked a long way farther on, till she came to another wood, and she went and sat down again under a large oak.

Then a little bird came and perched on a branch near, and sang sweetly:

"The Black Tulip grows,
And the long journey
The North Wind knows."

Kaisa threw crumbs of bread to the little bird, and went out of the wood. It was nearly evening, and in the west lay a beautiful, rosy cloud, with a fringe of gold round it.

The star on Kaisa's brow shone brighter, the cloud came floating by, and as soon as the star's light came upon it the cloud stopped, and came falling gently, like a snow-flake, to the ground.

And little Kaisa remembered what the bird had said, so she went toward it. Then the rose-colored cloud opened, and folded round her, and she felt herself lifted gently up and borne away.

Far above the earth, over the hills, the woods, the rivers, the sea, they floated in the evening light; and the birds flew past them, singing, "Good night, little Kaisa!" and the shadows of spirits and fairies flitted by.

On the cloud went, never pausing an instant. And Kaisa felt as if a great happiness had fallen on her, and she forgot her grief, and only thought of the beautiful sights around her, and wondered if the cloud was taking her to the bright land beyond the stars.

And then the light faded from the sky, and the evening stars came out, and the cloud lost its beautiful, rosy hue; and, as the moon shone on it, it looked like pearly white, and glistening; and, if you had seen it that night, you would have thought, "What a beautiful cloud that is, and what a lovely star is shining through it!" for little Kaisa was hidden in it, and only the star could be seen.

As it grew darker, the stars shone out in millions, and the beautiful, soft music sounded every now and then, as groups of spirits passed them, and it was all so still and beautiful, that poor little weary Kaisa felt her eyelids droop heavily, and she fell fast asleep in the cloud.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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